

The
Alcester Grammar



M.D.C.
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School Record

December, 1942.

Alcester Grammar School Record.

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EDITOR—MR. V. V. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE—

M. AUSTIN, J. PLESTERS, D. SAVAGE, M. PARKER,
D. JONES, STEWART, SHARP.

Old Scholars' News

The School sends to all Old Scholars, and particularly to those in the Forces and far from home, hearty greetings for Christmas and the New Year.

As reported in the July magazine, meetings of the Old Scholars' Guild have been suspended for the duration of the war. Consequently there will not be a reunion this month.

The editor once more invites Old Scholars to send along news of themselves or other old scholars for inclusion in these pages. At such a time as this, when our Old Scholars are scattered far and wide over the world, such news is increasingly welcome. The RECORD nowadays travels far, and we hear of its safe arrival in Canada, in India, and in the Middle East. If you have any items of news, consider how these will be appreciated by former schoolfellows, whether at home or overseas.

Quite a number of Old Scholars appear to be within visiting distance in the Middle East. S. Styler, for several years Guild secretary, has sent home a collection of excellent "snaps," some of them showing himself in company with K. Bailey. We hear also of D. Baylis receiving not so long ago an unexpected call from Styler. W. Foster has also seen Bailey, and in addition has met C. Luker. Other Old Scholars in the Middle East are J. Ison and J. Thomas. Many hundreds of miles farther to the west, in West Africa we hear of W. Savage and E. Blackmore seeing one another, though without the opportunity of having a talk.

From Canada comes news of F. Duxbury, who is with the Royal Canadian Air Force. He sends word that he piloted his first machine on a solo flight after only seven and a half hours flying. He has now completed his course as a navigator.

It has been found quite impossible to keep up-to-date a list of Old Scholars in the many branches of His Majesty's Forces. Among those to whom we have not previously made reference we have recently had news of R. Webb, F. Shrimpton and S. Biddle in the Navy, of S. Walker, K. Woods, W. J. Mahoney, W. G. Gray and J. Higley in various regiments of the Army, and G. Collins, E. Perkins, W. Hunt, R. Walton and J. Midlane in the R.A.F. F. Woodfield has for a long time been a member of the local police, while S. Bowen belongs to the Redditch police force. Among old girls Rachael Spencer is now a Lieutenant with the R.A.M.C.; Nancy Barton has recently joined the Fleet Air Arm; while Margaret Crouch has for several years been a nurse at the local emergency hospital.

Congratulations to D. Baylis, who has been promoted to Squadron-Leader.

And to R. Biddle on his appointment as Sub-Lieutenant in the R.N.V.R.

Also to H. T. Hewlett and A. W. Avery who have been appointed engineer officers in the Merchant Navy.

With much regret we record that J. H. Bryan (scholar 1933-38), who has been a wireless operator in the R.A.F., is reported missing in the Middle East.

We were sorry to hear of R. Farquhar's harassing experiences, and congratulate him on his safe return. Joining the Merchant Navy this year, his ship was torpedoed in the Atlantic on his second trip. For five weeks he and thirty other members of the ship's company were in an open boat before being picked up; they were eventually landed at Georgetown, British Guiana. He is now back home in Inkberrow. Before leaving school, Farquhar was a keen member of the Cadet Corps.

Congratulations to P. Welsby (scholar 1932-39) on obtaining second class honours in history at Durham University;

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Also to S. G. Biddle (scholar 1935-39) who has completed the finals of the Associate Examination of the Institute of Bankers, with distinction in Accountancy. He took three years, instead of the usual five, to obtain this qualification.

We would recommend to Old Scholars and others interested in matters affecting the "working-class" girl, her education, her work and her leisure, a book entitled "Girls Growing Up," written by A. Pearl Jephcott (scholar 1912-18). The writer has had much experience in connection with the work of girls' clubs, and is at present on the staff of the National Association.

Many Old Scholars heard the broadcast by Vera Wickett in "In Town Tonight" early this term.

Births.

On July 12th to Captain and Mrs. C. H. Baylis (née Mary Clark)—a son.

On July 13th to Major and Mrs. M. P. C. Hordern (née Blanche Spencer)—a son.

On July 17th, to Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Baseley—a son.

On July 22nd, to Mr. and Mrs. G. Steele—a daughter.

On August 6th, to Mr. and Mrs. A. Lazarus (née Mabel Browning)—a daughter.

On August 6th, to Leading Telegraphist T. W. and Mrs. Moloney (née Irene Eddiford)—a daughter.

On August 11th, to Mr. and Mrs. A. Hancox—a daughter.

On August 11th, to Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Smith (née Betty Bomford)—a son.

On September 19th, to Mr. and Mrs. S. Jones (née Josie Lane)—a son.

On October 18th, to Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Snell (née Joyce Finnemore)—a daughter.

Marriages.

On July 25th, at Winton, Bournemouth, Desmond Norton to Linda A. Harris (scholar 1928-35).

On August 17th, at Gloucester, Edgar John Parry to C. Myra Jones (scholar 1929-36).

On September 5th, at Studley, Frederick John Shrimpton (scholar 1932-38) to Rosa May Bennett.

On September 14th, at Little Wigborough, Essex, Charles W. Bunting (scholar 1913-22) to Gracenia Golding.

On October 10th, at Wythall, Lieut. Noel Victor Stimpson to Betty Nora Bach (scholar 1927-33).

School Register.**Valete**

- | | |
|------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| *Aspinwall, E. A. (VI), 1934-42. | Harvey, A. M. (Upp.IVB), 1942 |
| *Cresswell, P.M. (VI), 1935-42. | Lee, R. F. (Upp.IVB), 1937-42. |
| *Smith, D. W. (VI), 1936-42. | Metcalf, W. M. (Upp.IVB), 1941-42 |
| Barker, M. A. (Upp.V), 1936-42 | Vizor, M. E. (Upp.IVB), 1941-42. |
| *Bryan, C. N. (Upp.V), 1937-42. | Aspinwall, E. J. (Low.IVA), 1934-42 |
| Careless, M. A. (Upp.V), 1937-42 | Baylis, M. J. W. (Low.IVA), 1940-42 |
| Howes, G. E. (Upp.V), 1936-42 | Dybeck, M. W. (Low.IVA), 1935-42 |
| *Hunt, R. J. (Upp.V), 1937-42 | Horton, R. A. (Low.IVA), 1940-42 |
| Jobson, M. E. (Upp.V), 1937-42 | Paddock, V. G. (IIIB), 1941-42. |
| *North, B. E. (Upp.V), 1937-42. | Wilson, D. G. (IIIB), 1941-42. |
| Parker, M. A. (Upp.V), 1934-42. | Fell, A. C. F. (Rem.), 1941-42. |
| Rabone, A. E. (Upp.V), 1938-42. | Hunt, D. J. (Rem.), 1940-42. |
| Chatterley, P. G. (Low.V), 1937-42 | Booth, P. M. (II), 1940-42. |
| Chatwin, J. P. (Low.V), 1938-42 | Huins, P. J. (II), 1941-42. |
| Harris, M. E. (Low.V), 1936-42. | Mitchell, J. C. M. (II), 1941-42. |
| Reynolds, J. F. (Low.V), 1939-42. | Horton, M. W. (I), 1941-42. |
| Smith, E. M. W. (Low.V), 1939-42 | Huins, R. A. (I), 1941-42. |
| Warmington, T. G. (Low.V), 1938-42 | |

*Prefect.

Salvete.

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| Adams, E. M. (Upp.V). | McFarlane, W. A. (iiib). |
| Bannister, A. T. (iiib). | Mills, K. G. (iia). |
| Bartlett, C. A. (iiib). | Nicholls, F. G. (Rem.) |
| Beesley, D. M. (iiib). | Norris, M. J. (iia). |
| Blundell, A. G. (iia). | Palmer, J. R. (iia). |
| Canning, M. (iia). | Perkins, B. H. (iia). |
| Cantrill, B. M. (iia). | Pinfold, G. D. (iia). |
| Carless, D. J. (ii). | Preston, J. P. (iia). |
| Castle, B. D. (iiib). | Richardson, B. J. (iia). |
| Collins, R. (iiib). | Savage, J. M. (iiib). |

Compston, M. A. (iiia).	Shore, S. M. (iiib).
Cresswell, J. A. (iiib).	Smith, A. D. (iiib).
Dance, J. B. (iiia).	Smith, E. J. T. (iiia).
Davies, J. (Rem.).	Smith, P. M. (iiib).
Drinkwater, G. R. (iiia).	Stallard, V. M. (iiib).
Evans, R. E. (iiib).	Stanley, P. G. (iiib).
Farquhar, A. R. (iiib).	Steveni, M. W. (Rem.).
Fletcher, T. E. (Upp.V).	Steveni, P. D. (Upp.IVb).
Foster, D. M. (iiib).	Stringer, J. R. (iiia).
Francis, A. (Rem.).	Stringer, J. (iiib).
Garner, J. M. (iiib).	Summers, F. M. (iiia).
Goddard, G. A. (iiia).	Terry, J. H. G. (Rem.).
Haines, M. J. (iiib).	Thompson, D. (iiib).
Handy, R. C. D. (iiia).	Vale, H. (iiib).
Harris, B. R. (iiia).	Wainwright, P. K. (iiib).
Hodges, K. M. (iiia).	Wallbank, R. H. (iiia).
Hood, J. M. (iiib).	Wickwar, J. M. (Low. IVA).
Jobson, W. (iiia).	Williams, R. H. (iiib).
Kerby, J. (iiia).	Williamson, C. I. (Upp. IVB).
Kirby, N. G. (Upp. V).	Wood, A. R. (iiia).
Laird, J. M. (iiia).	Woodard, D. R. (Low.VB).
Lane, J. J. (iiia).	Yeates, G. A. (iiia).
Lane, T. J. (iiia).	Young, M. P. (iiia).
Lester, J. M. (iiib).	

There have been 375 pupils in attendance this term.

Time and Tide.

The peculiar elasticity of time is a subject upon which I have spent much meditation. It seems to possess a sort of fluid quality that enables it to be compressed within a little space or to flow out over a large area. Needless to say, it is those moments which are the most enjoyable that are the soonest sped, while those that we could wish rapidly past have a habit of 'lingering like an unloved guest' Time even varies with a mood. Greet the day with the joyful thought that all the last night's homework has been done, and time runs by with winged feet. Do but awake with the expectation of wrath to come, and no art can quicken its step. The moments drag on to their conclusion. No amount of dispassionate thought can put matters in their right proportion.

Now there are circumstances in which Time expands at an amazing rate. Waiting for a train is one of them ;—and to-day, trains on a certain route are invariably late. After the first half-hour or so the sources of amusement on the station are exhausted. The platform has become so familiar that it seems that the greater part of one's life has been spent on it. The slot-machines (not working) have been inspected with a thoroughness that would do credit to a mechanic. The inevitable weighing

machine has been tried with the equally inevitable result that the penny has jammed in the mysterious mannner peculiar to the coinage. The possibility that the Awful Child will fall on the rails and die a horrible death is relieved of its poignancy by the long rumination on the subject, and hope is now almost dead. It is impossible to stare any longer at one's fellow-travellers without exceeding the bounds of politeness. A continued gaze at the clock is now the only thing possible, and the exasperation which succeeds this is akin to madness.

But only get up late one morning and see how the reverse principle acts. Instead of being able to ponder long and lovingly over breakfast, with intervals of reading the morning paper, one is forced to gaze with anguish on a rapidly congealing meal, and abandon it for the open road. The latter seems to grow longer in proportion as time grows shorter; and a conviction that the gods on Olympus are laughing receives its final confirmation when, arriving at the 'bus-stop, a flash of red is seen in the distance, far beyond all hail. And then there is always the looker on to say that time-worn platitude, "Time and tide wait for no man."

MARY AUSTIN (Form VI).

Nightmare After Science Homework.

I got home very late, feeling utterly miserable. The rest of the family had gone to bed. I tripped over the doormat and knocked a few umbrellas out of the hall-stand. Somebody called from upstairs, "Is that you?" I banged the front door to, and said, "No." I took off my wet coat and hat and my muddy shoes. I had been to the pictures with some friends and we had missed the last 'bus and had to walk home in pouring rain. On top of this the film had been disappointing, and very depressing.

I switched on the living room light and shivered; the fire was out. Where was my satchel? I upturned everything and then decided it was upstairs by my book case. I asked myself why I had not done my homework before I went out, and my conscience, which very rarely makes its presence known to me, replied that I had been too busy concentrating on how much tea I could eat before I left. I stamped upstairs, ferretted out a chemistry book and stared unseeingly at it for ten minutes. Then I took an exercise book, wrote the title and date on a clean page and threw both books back on the untidy pile of books and papers which flowed from the bottom shelf of the book case into the middle of the room. I gave the pile a vicious kick which

hurt my toe, but sent the books flying back to the shelf; then I went to bed. "I can get up early in the morning and write that stuff out," I reassured myself, but my conscience (remarkable that it should trouble me twice in a matter of hours) said, "You know you won't; you always get up late, too late even to eat your breakfast at a proper rate." Visualising the daily scramble for the school 'bus, I had to admit that that was so. Indeed I had become so resigned to my fate that I fell asleep concocting new excuses for the following day.

I never dream; well, hardly ever, but that night I made up for years of dreamless sleep. I was in a laboratory, but no ordinary laboratory. It was a vast place crowded with people and fantastically-shaped glass vessels. The majority of the people looked like the novelist's idea of professors, with long hair, long flowing beards and long flowing black robes. The two or three nearest me fitted into this description except in dress and in behaviour, both of which were exactly like that of small schoolboys. They seemed to be playing marbles, and they were about the only people in the room who looked happy. I was just thinking of asking if I could join in the game, when a stern and awful voice addressed itself to me. I was too frightened to look up. "Give me three properties of dimethylbenzene," the voice commanded. "I don't know anything about it, I'm afraid," I faltered, although I had an idea it was in the chapter I should have read for homework. "Then you haven't done your homework," the Awful Voice said triumphantly. At that a hundred necks craned in my direction, a hundred fingers of scorn were pointed at me, and a hundred voices raised in chorus, "She hasn't done her homework!" I think I shrank to half my size, in that moment of humiliation. My salvation came when a sad little voice piped from a far corner, "I haven't done mine either." Immediately the whole fury of the mob and the Awful Voice was turned on the unfortunate person in the corner.

As soon as I had recovered from the shock, I turned my attention to the marble players once more. One of them was howling lustily, tears of rage running down his wrinkled cheek and damping his beard. After lending him a handkerchief, and telling him to run about until his beard was dry or he would get a cold on the chest, I learnt that the cause of the trouble was that another aged schoolboy had "taken his atom." It seemed that these were atoms with which they played marbles. I rescued the atom, scolded the robber soundly (he was only about half as tall as I, though he must have been at least five times as old) and carefully examined the thing that was an atom. It was

a crystal ball the size of a marble with many small silver balls revolving inside it. "Electrons," I thought, "and I expect the proton is in the centre. I should get on much better here with atomic weights and valencies and formulas, for I could see what I was dealing with." As I was musing on this happy thought the Awful Voice came up behind me and said, "Fit up the apparatus you drew and described last night, and get on with the experiment. All the others have nearly finished it." I dared not tell him I had not and never had had such a diagram, so I started fitting together tubes and condensers, flasks and retorts. The Awful Voice had said that all the people in the laboratory were doing the same experiment as myself, so I looked round hopefully ; but there were not two sets of apparatus in the room which were alike, and I decided that I also would conform to this rule and be original. I mixed a little of everything from the bottles and jars near at hand until I got what can best be described as a precipitate of raspberry jam in olive oil. Someone shouted to someone else to heat something to 160 degrees Centigrade. "That's good enough for me," I thought, and I looked round for a thermometer. I found one, but to my amazement it had no scale attached. I asked one of the people passing about this and he said, "Oh, you use the scale which suits you best." This astonished me for a moment. I tried to imagine where 160 degrees Centigrade would come on the absurd thermometer, but just then a band of the professor-like people rushed past and knocked the thermometer on the floor. I furtively kicked the broken glass under the table, in case the Awful Voice should be behind me. I went on heating the mixture, and I began to get vaguely worried, for vivid purple and yellow fumes were coming off. Then the Awful Voice roared behind me, "What on earth do you think you're doing ? You know that it's dangerous to heat that substance." I hardly heard the last words. There was a terrific explosion and I sailed through the roof, which had obligingly disappeared.

I was slowing down, and I remembered that when a body is projected vertically upwards with a positive initial velocity it has a negative acceleration of 32 feet per second per second. "I suppose I shall stop soon," I thought, "before I start falling. I don't suppose even the Science Sixth could have conjured up an explosion like that. I must tell them about it to-morrow."

I woke suddenly. I could still hear the noise of the explosion. I switched on the lamp by my bed, and discovered that the 'explosion' was the noise of the heap of books falling out of the book case again. I glanced at the clock. "I must do that homework," I thought. It was only five o'clock. I could hardly believe it. I dressed hurriedly, turned off the light and threw back the

black-out curtains. It was still dark outside, with a few stars twinkling sleepily, as if they found it hard to keep awake. The neighbour's cockerels suddenly crowed in chorus. I grabbed some books and dashed down-stairs.

I gaily burst into untuneful song as, a little later, I put the finishing touches to the last bit of homework—a diagram of the apparatus I was that day to use in the chemistry lesson. "I hope it blows up, like the one last night," I thought wickedly. An angry voice wafted down the stairs, "Can't that girl be shut up? She wakes the house at midnight with her awful clatter, and if she doesn't stop that horrible screaming she'll wake the whole neighbourhood before the crack of dawn." I giggled, then sang louder, screeching horribly on a top note as I packed the last of my books into my satchel.

R. J. P. (Form VI).

A Refused Invitation.

"Good Morning ! Mr. Brown shell,"
Said the blackbird to the snail ;
"I'm going to a party,
And it's time to take the trail !
Perhaps you'd care to join us ?
I'll just trot along ahead,
To give our host, old Thrushy,
Advice about the spread."
"Thank you very much, sir !"
Said Brownie, with a bow,
"The visit would be risky,
As I think you would allow.
To parties I'm as partial
As anyone could be,
But yours might start with hips and haws
And finish up with me !"

MARY WOODS (Lower IVB).

Notes and News.

The Autumn term opened on Wednesday, September 9th.

The head girl is D. Savage, and the Senior Prefect is Stewart. The other prefects are M. Austin, B. Francis, K. Hemming, G. Spencer, D. Villers, M. Goodall, J. Buller, O. Davies, M. Moizer, J. Plesters, K. Wilson, J. Godwin ; Arnold, Burns, Collett, Collins i, Yapp, Ore, Portman, Sharp. W. Archer is bus prefect.

At the closing assembly last term, on Thursday, July 23rd, a number of presentations were made. Football colours were handed to Collins, Bryan, Hunt i and Hillman, and cricket caps

to Collins and Yapp. The cricket bat for improvement in play (the annual gift of Mr. A. Baylis) was presented to Collins, and Yapp and Hillman received pairs of batting gloves (the gift of Mr. Hadwen). Tennis colours were presented to P. Cresswell, S. Careless and B. Jobson. No tennis racquet was awarded this year, as it had been found impossible to obtain one.

During August the school buildings were put at the disposal of the Warwickshire War Agricultural Committee, and were used for the accommodating of parties of schoolgirls from various parts of the county, who were assisting in agriculture.

Early this term a presentation from school and Staff was made to Miss Biggs (now Mrs. F. J. Sharkey). It took the form of a tea set and was a token of our good wishes to her on the occasion of her marriage.

This term we welcome to the Staff Miss K. M. Secker and Miss D. W. Owen.

Collections have been organised by Miss Weatherup and Mr. Walker of rose hips and horse chestnuts for medicinal purposes.

Under war-time regulations, we have been unable to obtain any further supplies of our regular school cap. We have therefore been compelled to adopt temporarily a utility substitute—a black cap with a red sector in front.

The Sixth (now eighteen in number) are this term using as form room the small annexe, formerly the home of the school library.

On Tuesday, September 22nd, Squadron Leader F. G. Hayward, D.F.M., A.F.M., gave senior boys an address on opportunities of service in the R.A.F.

A Ministry of Information film show was given on Thursday, October 21st to Forms IIIA, IIIB, Low. IVA, Low. IVB.

On Thursday, October 28th, there was a lecture on Egypt, Syria and Palestine by Miss Cherry-Garrard. Forms Upper IV and upwards attended.

On Thursday, November 5th, an address on the Navy was given to senior boys by Lieutenant Hemming, R. N.

During the weeks beginning October 19th and 26th parties of boys and girls assisted local farmers in picking potatoes.

Two days holiday marked half-term—Friday, October 29th and Monday, November 2nd.

A Dramatic Society has been formed this term with a large membership. An account of its activities will be found on another page.

We are grateful to A. Aspinwall, K. Wilson, and O. Coldrick for gifts of books to the School library.

The number of pupils arriving at and leaving school by bus continues to increase. Two blue buses now come daily from Stratford, one travelling direct, the other via Bidford. A blue bus also brings pupils from Inkberrow, via Astwood Bank. A fully loaded double decker red bus comes from Redditch, while many children arrive by the bus from Birmingham. At the close of afternoon school there are scenes of hurried activity in the corridor and on the Birmingham Road, as rolls are called and pupils marshalled to the various waiting buses.

Since half-term the former woodwork room (vacated in July by Coventry Grammar School) has been furnished with desks and used as classroom by Lower IVA.

On Wednesday, November 11th, members of the Sixth attended the short service at the War Memorial in the town.

Inspections of pupils' gas masks have been made this term on the first school day in each month.

Further changes have had to be made to meet the requirements of the large numbers having school dinners. Two sittings for hot dinners are held in quick succession between 12.35 and 1.30 in the dining room. Another hot dinner is served simultaneously in the Hall, from where the cold dinner sitting has had to be transferred, the girls to a classroom, the boys to the Physics laboratory.

During the holidays new stoves were installed in the two classrooms in the hut, which have thereby been made much more comfortable.

Owing to the large number of music pupils, Miss Smye now has the assistance of Miss M. Griffith, of Redditch.

In July, Miss C. Powell paid us a visit. She is now a corporal in the W.A.A.F.

That there will be a very pronounced shortage of games materials at school this year seems certain. The Director of Education for Warwickshire has informed us of the total amount of games equipment available for secondary schools in the county. Among the main items are :—Football cases, 30 ; bladders, 53 ; cricket bats, 60 ; cricket balls, 62 ; batting gloves, nil ; batting pads, 4 ; wicket keeping gloves, nil ; wicket keeping pads, 2 ; sets of stumps and bails, nil ; hockey sticks, 25 ; hockey balls, 40 ; shin guards, nil. And this equipment has to be divided among sixteen schools !! It has been suggested that there may be among Old Scholars some who possess games equipment for which they have no longer any use. Gifts of such materials to the school for the use of present scholars would be most welcome.

Term closes on Thursday, December 17th.

Rosemarie Robin.

I am a little robin,
My name is Rosemarie ;
I have a little waistcoat,
As red as red can be.

It was on Christmas morning
I went out for a walk ;
And there I met a snowman
And stopped to have a talk.

The snowman did not stir a foot
And neither did he talk.
And so I said within myself,
“ I'll go on with my walk.”

And so I trotted home again,
And on the bare oak tree
I spied a string of monkey nuts,
Hung there for birds like me.

CYNTHIA BARTLETT (IIIB).

Foggy Days and Foggy Nights.

That there are people who really hate a foggy day always seems an amazing fact to me. Admittedly sunny days are pleasanter, but I fail to see why people, especially those who need not drive a vehicle, should gaze so gloomily upon a foggy atmosphere. For the space of twenty four hours or so the world is transformed into a strange and even more exciting place to live in. Trunkless, the trees are seen to float like galleons upon grey seas ; the immediate landscape, its outlines blurred and vague beneath the misty cloak which wraps it round, assumes an air of unreality. Objects reveal their identity by degrees. The head of a friendly horse is pushed forward, quaintly bodiless like Alice's Cheshire cat, while the coffee-shop and cabbage-patch are identified by smell alone. Buildings are castles in air ; people are strange shadows which steal from unknown lands only to disappear again silently.

But this is the attitude of a mere spectator or country-pedestrian. On the other hand the unromantic view which a motorist, cyclist or even town pedestrian takes towards a fog can well be imagined. In town, the feeling of unearthliness is lost ; no ghostly twig points an accusing finger out of infinity ; instead the age-old description " a pea-soup " is the most apt one, for there the crowd is a mass of human peas jostling and bumping against each other and walls and lamp-posts, in vain endeavours to reach their destination. Exclamations such as " Where d'y'er think yer going ? " or " Mind my so-and-so toe " dispel all mystery from the scene. Buses and trams are late, people are cold and miserable, the danger of getting knocked over or of knocking somebody over does nothing to improve the genial British temper, while innumerable little dogs which are said to get lost in the fog are death-traps set to catch unwary walkers.

But even journeys which have to be made in a fog are best approached in a spirit of adventure. Motorists will think, and quite rightly, that I have never driven in a fog, but I have ridden in one and quite enjoyed it too, though to have admitted as much to the driver would, I do not doubt, have meant instant death for me. My cousin and I had already had the humiliation of saying a lingering goodbye to our relatives and then having a puncture two yards further up the road before we set out into the night, but as the fog thickened around us, the strain began to get much worse. Something seemed to have happened to the lights, and it became necessary for me to hang out of the door and shine a torch on to the kerb : Unreasonably I wanted to laugh when we drove by mistake up to a field-gate where a solemn cow eyed us reproachfully ; however a glance at the grim profile behind the wheel stifled the ill-timed urge. The car was turned in awful silence, and, havin

jolted over countless gutters and a multitude of unseen obstacles we eventually crawled into the yard at home. Then only did the tension break.

Fog is also certain to make flying and sailing both difficult and unpleasant, so that for many people who have important work to do, the clouded atmosphere is more than a nuisance. It is sometimes useful in war-time however as a protection against enemy bombing. More people I dare say have welcomed fog during the last two winters than ever have before. Waiting half an hour for a bus is nothing to sitting in the cellar all night. So that fog after all has some advantages as well as drawbacks, and however much they may have grumbled at it in the past, I am sure that there are many men, now fighting in the Tropic heat, who will be glad to turn their collars up and jostle through a good old London fog once more.

D. A. SAVAGE (Form VI).

By the Lake.

Having spent a tiring day, and wishing for the solitude of a country walk, I decided to go for a walk to a lake nearby. It was getting dark as I started, and as the moon had not risen, it was dark when I reached the lake. Although I was rather frightened, I could not bring myself to go back home again, as the stillness fascinated me; so I sat down on a tree trunk and watched the night. Although I could not see much, I had a feeling that something was going to happen.

There was a slight breeze, which blew the leaves along the ground, and made the leaves of the trees rustle, like many voices whispering to each other. No wonder, thought I, that people believed in fairy stories, for if I had seen an elf or a fairy then, I'm sure I should not have been surprised.

The first notion I had that the moon was rising, was that the trees and the water at the far end of the lake had turned a pale crimson, while the sky was slowly being covered by a blurry red glow. Soon the glow spread farther over the sky, and the tip of the moon slid into view. Immediately the world turned into a land of wonder and amazement, the shadows came to life, the trees whispered loudly to each other, while animals and leaves danced and pranced round their tall trunks.

The beauty of that night lives with me still. I had waited till the moon had risen higher in its majesty, like a queen presiding over her courtiers the stars, till it had lost its ruddy glow, and had turned to silver, turning all the land silver with it. Then I crept home to bed, still feeling the thrill of what I had experienced, and realising what beauties were ours for the seeking.

N. DALES (Lower VB).

Olla Podrida

A Sixth-former's definition of a 'whelp' is "a noise that people let out."

Explanation of a stifled scream was given as "He leant back on my compass, Sir."

"Our overcoats were ringing," writes L.C.L. Then, we suppose, they pealed.

A veteran, according to N.R.W., is a man who looks after old animals.

These Halcyon Days.

My favourite occupation (when I have nothing better to do) is to read through a pile of old school magazines. As a result of my frequent perusals I have reached the firm conclusion that the 'Alcester Grammar School Record' would not be complete without some small reference to that ever-worthy, though much maligned body—The Sixth Form.

We have lately been promoted from "The Frige" (as a late member aptly termed it) to a wholly inadequate cell at the far end of the corridor, where we sit and fume at the injustice of fate—"How are the Mighty fallen!"

When the whole Sixth is assembled there, those at the far end of the room are unable to make an exit, unless they walk across the tables and fight for the right to reach the door-knob. While those near the door are at an equal disadvantage, as each time the door opens it is bound to hit some-one; and if you do happen to be behind the door, you think your end has truly come. It is indeed fortunate that none of our members suffer from claustrophobia.

The problem of book-space was solved (as we fondly imagined) by the shelves which line one side of the room. But before many moons had elapsed, we were to discover that these shelves rest on four small catches, and are apt to lurch forward in the most disconcerting manner when subjected to any undue pressure. However, we have profited by our mistakes, and now collect our books after the example of a thief, nervous of leaving the imprint of his fingers on the edge of the shelf.

Before school begins each morning, we have to make our daily round in search of seating accommodation and inkwells; both of which very necessary articles are in the habit of finding their way

into adjoining rooms over-night. We did have a leather-seated, highly-polished dining-chair, but 'though we guarded it jealously, it went the way of all flesh.

Early in the term one window sash-cord was broken, while a short time ago the other met with an unfortunate accident. So, for the past few days we have been struggling to make ourselves heard through the whistle of an icy blast, and we have had to anchor all loose paper to the tables with books, etc., as the window happened to be open when the accident occurred.

But the crowning indignity is, that lessons being carried on in the adjoining class-room are perfectly audible to those studious Sixth formers who happen to be in our sanctum. And, as may be imagined, we happy specimens of British Youth, while giving vent to our natural high-spirits and eloquence are in the habit of forgetting that all our words of wisdom are being breathlessly listened to by the juniors next door—(Casting pearls!) and only become aware of that fact when an irate member of the staff bursts in, with well-merited protests ; then we subside—until the next time.

We are surely justified in believing that we are not sufficiently secluded from the “ madding crowd ;” not only are we often forced into eavesdropping, but if we happen to leave the door open, we are sure to find a crowd of open mouthed youngsters outside, hanging on to our every word, and quite obviously filled with awe at events in the Sixth.

One characteristic of our band is argument, We argue over anything from bookshelves to music. One small section are quite frank in their preference for “ swing,” while others strive to prove their love for the classics by giving frequent but inaccurate renderings of the works of Beethoven and Schubert. It is notable that our arguments usually end in History versus Science scrums ; but, happily, no permanent rift has occurred as yet.

We have, of course, our own code of behaviour ; and the second-year Sixth adopt a very superior attitude towards the first year members, and speak longingly thus : “ Do you remember, when, last year, we” but that, I believe, is an old, old custom.

In conclusion, may I say that our Sixth is unique, and combines diverse elements into a more or less happy family, who rejoice in the knowledge that “ All's well that ends well ” and are given to softly murmuring “ Duty nobly done.”

BETTY FRANCIS (Form VI).

First Tastes.

There were twelve of us, who climbed on board a 60 ton schooner one evening last summer. We were to be her crew for the next ten days. None of us had ever been to sea before, and the following day we spent in settling down and learning all about her.

We were up early next morning and scrubbed the decks. I was one of the orderlies for the day, and had to help the cook and wash up after meals. By ten a.m. everything had been put in order down below. The next two hours were spent in taking off and stowing the mooring ropes. At about twelve noon all was ready and we started to weigh anchor. This was done with an old fashioned German capstan, and it was a back breaking task, taking four boys nearly twenty minutes.

One engine was started, and as the ship's head swung down stream, towards the sea, I think we all had a funny feeling in the pits of our stomachs. I do not think that there is another feeling like that of leaving the shore for the first time. But we were not allowed to dwell long on this subject.

The passage down the estuary was very tricky, and there was a boy sounding with a hand lead line every minute or so. With all other hands on the halyards, we soon had the foresail and jibs up, and later the mainsail, but it was harder work. By this time we were nearing the bar, at the mouth of the river. We had heard several tales about the crossing of it and we were expecting the worst, but nothing more than an increase in the motions of the ship, told us that we were in the open sea.

Once we were out of the lee of the land we felt the wind, and soon we were making quite a good speed under sails alone. The sky was clear and the sun quite warm; there was quite a swell running, and the ship was dancing about. Most of us were sitting on the deck on the weather side. At first we were talking quite a lot. But gradually, one by one, we grew quiet and our faces lost their colour. Then one of our number leaned over the side and gave his first tribute to Neptune. The Captain swore at him for doing it on the weather side, and henceforth all those who wished to contribute had to slither down the sloping deck and hang over the side about two feet above the moving water. Soon after this we were told that dinner was ready.

The Mate came and asked us how many wanted it. There were about half a dozen offers; the others had lost all interest. Several of the boys went down below for theirs; but they soon came up again looking quite unhappy. I asked one of them to bring mine on deck, but as soon as I saw it my appetite seemed to

disappear. I managed to eat a little but a funny feeling which I had had suddenly developed, and sad to say I had to make a dash for the bulwarks. I will leave the rest to your imagination. After I returned from the side I felt much better, but once one starts a thing like that one cannot stop, and for the next hour or so I was continually engaged.

As we neared our anchorage things settled down a bit, and by the time we had to lower the sails, we were all able to 'Jump to it.' We dropped anchor about a mile from the shore, where we were to remain for the next nine days. As soon as everything had been made secure on deck we went below and had some tea. You should have seen the difference in the mess deck from what it had been two hours previously ; everybody was tucking in and asking for more.

SHARP (Upper V).

An Exciting Morning.

One morning in the holiday we found we could not pump up any water from the well at all. We phoned up the plumber, Mr. Lane, who said he would come. He came and said, "You will have to have a new valve in your well. You are lucky the pump went this morning and not later as I have to join up tomorrow."

Now our well is under the front lawn and we had forgotten the exact spot. My mother and Mr. Lane prodded the lawn with no result, so decided to obtain assistance from the people who helped to build the house.

Soon, Mr. Woodcock, the builder, Mr. Barratt, the decorator and Mr. Nordon who was painting the house at the time, all arrived. They each had different ideas as to where the well was but still it could not be found ! My father, who declared he could have found it immediately if he had been there, was phoning up about every half hour to see if any progress had been made.

Mr. Barratt had a sudden idea to dig up part of the drive to find the pipe which led to the well ; but they dug in the wrong spot. Suddenly, while they were doing this Mr. Nordon, who had been quietly prodding by himself exclaimed, "Oh, I've found something." It really was the well at last after three hours search. Now the plumber was able to do his job. It was interesting to see down the well and to see Mr. Lane climb down on a ladder to bring up the valve.

I do not think we will ever forget where the well is again.

V. ANNE ROGERS (Lower IVA).

Winged Fancy.

As I sat in my desk one boring lesson my thoughts began to wander. Gradually they were farther and farther away from lessons. In one of my text-books was a picture of the tulip fields in Holland. How I wished I was there instead of in a stuffy class-room ! Very far was I from lessons now ; I was in Holland.

I had long fair hair in two plaits down my back. There were at least thirty of us, our heights and ages varying. As we filled up the boxes of tulips more huge boxes were brought. The owner evidently did not intend us to get slack.

While we were picking these lovely blooms, some small Dutch girls brought us iced drinks. Some small paper sunshades were sticking into the ice to prevent the sun melting it. I had never tasted anything so delicious. We stopped working at dinner time and rested under a tree. Dinner was provided and brought to us. The sandwiches were very tiny and there were many different varieties. Some of the girls began to work again when they had finished their sandwiches, but they soon returned when they saw that bowls of fruit had been brought as dessert.

We rested a short while after a satisfying dinner. When we had rested we continued picking the flowers.

"Where do the tulips go when they are taken ?" inquired one of the pickers. An answer was willingly given by one of the girls.

"When they are taken from here, some of them go to the flower market. Here they are sorted into their various colours. Some of them are left mixed sometimes. The rest of them are taken to an air-port and from there they go to foreign and neighbouring countries."

I was so surprised to hear the electric bell, but if every boring lesson went like that one, I do not think anyone would mind. I was annoyed with that bell, to think I could still have been enjoying myself in the tulip fields of Holland.

SHEILA STALLARD (Upper IVA).

Jimmy.

At home we have a little bird called Jimmy. He is a Budgerigar. His breast is blue, but his wings are black and white, his tail is blue and black, but his eyes are of sparkling black and show up on his white face.

He was born on the third of September, nineteen thirty nine. He was brought into the house because his mother did not want him. We kept on saying "Jimmy" to him till one day to our delight he said "Jimmy" so we then went on saying other things to him and now he can say almost anything.

VERA STALLARD (IIB).

The Third Form Scholar.

(A treatise on that lowest form of secondary school life).

I do not claim to be a great psychologist or a famous zoologist, but I am sure that this work will be welcomed by all connected with the study of this subject, and that it will be placed in the archives of immortality.

The Third Form Scholars' general appearance is always untidy, large accumulations of mud, dirt, and other blacking agents usually covering the visible parts of its anatomy. The hair is unbrushed and usually surrounds a cap of nondescript hue like a halo. Stockings are always wrinkled and in most cases completely covering the owner's shoes. Some of the specimens have even been known to have clean shoes, no doubt the result of much labour by a loving parent.

A large number of this type are usually new-comers to a secondary school. They treat everyone with respect for the first few days: tall handsome youths with flowing locks (*praefecti*) are hero-worshipped. I attribute this to the newness of its surroundings, caps, ties, blazers and hosts of books; for later its malefacting becomes prevalent, when those 'tall handsome youths' inflict pages of writing for the misdeeds, and the position may be likened to the words of a well known statesman of our age:—'Never before was so much owed by so many to so few,' then the hero worship changes to a deep intense hatred and fear.

These creatures, or whatever they may be called, commonly move about in small parties, waging war on all and sundry, after a period of approximately two weeks at school. This warfare consists of ink pellets, propelled by ruler, elastic, or other springy materials, peas, rice, blown through tubes, airborne missiles (gliders and darts) thrown by hand, and other methods of barbaric warfare. Frequently attempts are made to break the morale of its enemy by numerous methods some of which are:—

- a. Noises made by inserting two or more digits in the buccal cavity.
- b. Noises made without the aid of the digits; these include sounds made by the larynx, which are alleged to be singing.
- c. Suddenly passing either by the side of or between the legs of its victim at a highly dangerous speed.

It usually abandons all its customary habits when examinations approach and is even known to have become studious.

N. G. K. (Upper V).

A Midnight Adventure.

I awoke with a start. Somebody was walking stealthily by my window. Who could it be? Mummy and Daddy were in bed, and so, I supposed, was everyone else. The footsteps had stopped now. "Oh horrors!" I thought, "Is it a burglar?" But burglars would not wear heavy boots. A more lurid thought still, "Is it an invasion?" With trembling hands I fumbled for my torch to see what time it was, remembering as I did so, frightening stories about time bombs and delayed action bombs. "Oh! no," I valiantly assured myself, "delayed action bombs are dropped from the sky." I looked at my watch—12 o'clock.

Then I had a brain-wave. Why not creep into Daddy's room and tell him? Cautiously climbing out of bed I crept to the bedroom door, and I had half opened it when I heard a low tapping at my window. In my haste to wake Daddy I knocked my toe against the door-post. I cried out involuntarily. "Is anybody there?" a hoarse masculine voice asked.

"No, nobody," I foolishly answered, and fled into my parents' room.

"Is anything the matter?" my mother inquired in a sleepy voice.

"There, there's a man outside m-my window," I panted, "Where's Daddy?" I asked in the same breath.

"He was called out on a Home Guard manoeuvre," my mother replied, "Did you say that he is outside waiting to be let in? If so, he must be cold."

"Yes," I answered weakly, "I expect he will be cold."
He was.

JOAN HORSEMAN (Lower VB).

The Tramp.

The sky is red and gold as the sun sets in the West,
Everything is quiet as the birds fly home to rest ;
The children are in bed and grown ups light the lamp
As the sun's last golden rays shine on a poor old tramp.

His bed is 'neath the hedgerow, his home beneath the sky,
His friends are wild animals and all the birds that fly ;
His clothes are rags and tatters, he smokes an old clay pipe
And eats berries from the bushes when they are ripe.

He wanders through the woods and fields, his face is golden brown
And sometimes of his ragged hat flowers deck the crown ;
And when the tramp lies down to sleep above him from afar
Shining on his old grey head is a twinkling evening star.

WENDY HOWES (Upper IVB)

Oxford Examinations, 1942.

The following candidates were successful in the examinations held in July :—

HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE: Group 2 (Modern Studies)—W. M. Austin (distinction in English), D. A. Savage.

SCHOOL CERTIFICATE :—R. H. Arnold (6 credits), C. H. Bryan (4 credits), *J. E. Buller (8 credits), N. P. Burns (6 credits), M. A. Careless (4 credits), O. M. Davies (2 credits), *M. E. Goodall (9 credits), G. E. Howes, (1 credit), M. E. Jobson (2 credits), *B. M. Moizer (6 credits), A. G. R. Ore (4 credits), *R. J. Plesters (8 credits), A. E. Rabone (7 credits), D. W. Smith (4 credits), D. A. Villers (6 credits), K. M. Wilson (6 credits), *D. A. Yapp (8 credits).

*Qualified to claim exemption from London Matriculation Examination.

National Savings.

Mr. Hadwen has relinquished the office of Secretary of the boys' group, and now boys and girls form one group, with Miss Weatherup as Secretary.

It is hoped that the sentiments of the Prime Minister and other great leaders will act as a spur to renewed and sustained effort in saving, in all parts of the school. "Press on, do not relax till final victory be achieved." The services and factory workers have responded magnificently to this sentiment. Savers will not lag behind.

Savings and dinner-money are now taken in Form II simultaneously, on Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays. Those who have cold dinner or go home to dinner bring savings on Wednesdays.

Details of membership, savings, etc. will be published in the next issue of the magazine. Impressive figures are confidently anticipated, but results depend on the individual. Start now! press on! do not relax! It all depends on YOU!

Are YOU Savings-Conscious?

Debating Society.

President—MISS EVANS.

Secretary—STEWART.

Committee—

G. SPENCER, COLLINS, STEWART, N. NASH, SHARP, EADIE,
BUDDEN.

A new committee was elected at the beginning of term and at its first meeting it was decided that a debate should take place on October 23rd, the subject being "This house is convinced that the glorious new world must be planned for Youth by Youth." The proposition succeeded in putting forward a very successful argument, which no efforts of the opposition were able to refute. Many promising speeches for the proposition, however, made up for the lack of arguments for the opposition. Final victory went to the proposition with 62 votes to 7. Another debate with the proposition that "This house is convinced that convention is the enemy of progress," is to be held at the end of term.

J.M.S.

Autumn.

The time when one year's labour yields
The precious corn from golden fields :
The time to lift up all root crops,
To pick the fruit, and gather hops.

The time when those who hibernate
Feast till they reach abnormal weight ;
They make their larders safe and sound
By making them within the ground.

The time when migrant birds take wing
And leave us, till again comes spring.
It might mean death to them, they know,
If they're here, in frost, or snow.

The time when all the country's seen
To change to gold and brown, from green.
Upon the trees the berries red,
Alone do show, when leaves are dead.

VALERIE SHARP (Lower IVA)

The Dramatic Society.

President—MR. CATON.

Secretary—PORTMAN.

Committee—

MR. DRULLER, MISS MOBBS, G. SPENCER, F. HARRISON,
PRICE, N. BULLER, CLARK.

The Dramatic Society has been revived this term and has had three very successful meetings. We are very grateful to Mr. Druller and Miss Mobbs for their valuable help and support. At the first meeting we tried to discover hidden talent with "I want to be an Actor." We have had two play readings, "The Grand Cham's Diamond" and "Socrates Asks Why." We are now busy with a Christmas play for the end of term.

Le Cercle Français.

Comité.

Président d'honneur: M. Caton.

Conseillères: Mlle. Secker, Mlle. Slote, Mlle. Tilley.

Présidente: B. C. Francis.

Secrétaire: J. M. Godwin.

Représentatifs: G. Spencer, Sharp, Eadie, Knight.

Ce trimestre il y a eu cinq réunions des membres du cercle français. La première réunion a eu lieu le 18 septembre, quand nous avons élu le comité. Cette année nous avons changé un peu le programme des réunions.

D'abord nous avons une séance de travail dans la salle de dessin; puis, nous descendons au restaurant où nous avons un jeu français pendant le goûter; alors nous remontons à la salle de dessin. Ici, nous avons un autre jeu français. Nous finissons à cinq heures avec des chansons avec Mlle. Tilley qui joue du piano.

Nous sommes très contents de voir beaucoup de membres au cercle français et de souhaiter la bienvenue à Mlle. Secker.

Malheureusement, nous n'avons eu que très peu de réunions à cause du 'black out,' mais comme récompense nous aurons une grande réunion quelques jours avant Noël. Les réunions recommencent le 5 février.

J.M.G.

Scouts.

Once again we have to report a very large increase in numbers in spite of the fact that many have joined the Cadets. We have had to introduce two new Patrols. The new recruits are very keen, most of them having already passed their Tenderfoot. Unfortunately we are not able to make a good show on parade owing to the difficulty of obtaining uniforms. Any Uniform of old scouts will be gladly received and sold. We sent £5 to the B.P. Memorial Fund and if any old scouts feel they would like to subscribe and thereby show their appreciation of the work of Baden Powell I shall be pleased to receive any subscription.

E. S. WALKER, S.M.

Cadet Corps.

O.C.—Lt. E. W. Hadwen.

Since our last report Captain Druller has resigned, and Lieutenant Hadwen has taken command of the Unit. We take this opportunity to thank Captain Druller for his interest in the Cadet Corps.

The most important event during the term was the First Annual Inspection held on November 2nd, 1942. Major H. Morrell, B.E.M., M.C., was the inspecting officer. Major Upton of Leamington Spa, the commanding officer of the 11th Warwicks Battalion also assisted in the Inspection.

The Cadets provided an interesting programme, consisting of Inspection in line, the March Past, and various exercises in Certificate A training. Arms drill, weapon-training, map-reading were inspected; also the Junior Squad demonstrated several new exercises in marching.

The Inspecting officer addressed the Unit and complimented them upon their smart appearance, cheerfulness and enthusiasm.

The Unit now numbers 42 Cadets, and in the near future it is hoped that several cadets will have gained Individual Certificates.

Football.

Captain—Collins i.

Once again the football team has been unable, partly owing to the size of the members, to compete with the teams from the surrounding schools. The defeats have in many cases been heavy, but the enthusiasm of the team has in no way abated, and the team hope to gain at least one victory before the end of term.

The defence has played steadily in every game, but has in most cases been overwhelmed, while the forward line does not make the most of its opportunities. The team have had several early journeys to make on Saturday mornings, and it speaks much for their interest that no one has failed to catch the 8.10 a.m. train.

Our thanks to A. W. Wyton for his most acceptable gift of his black and red football shirt. If any other Old Boys have school football shirts which they would like to give us for the use of present scholars, we shall be very pleased to receive them. It is quite impossible now for us to purchase any new shirts in the school colours.

- A.G.S. v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (home), lost 1—7.
 - v. King's Norton S.S. (away), lost 1—6.
 - v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (away), lost 0—9.
 - v. Redditch C.H.S. (away), lost 0—15.
 - v. King's Norton S.S. (home), lost 2—6.
 - v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (away), lost 2—5.
 - v. Redditch C.H.S. (home), lost 0—4.
-

Hockey.

As most of last season's team left at the end of the summer term, the present one lacks experience in match play.

But although we have lost both the matches we have played, the results have not been disappointing, chiefly owing to the steady play of the defence which shows distinct promise. What we badly need are forwards who can shoot goals.

At present, we have no school captain, but J. Blakeman is acting as Captain, until one has been elected.

Of the matches played so far, the results are :—

- A.G.S. v. Redditch C.H.S. (home), lost 0—2.
- v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (away), lost 0—2.

Owing to the large number of girls in the tournaments took place last term ; one for the lower school, one for the middle school, and one for the girls and boys of Upper V and VI.

Form matches also took place, of which Upper V proved the victors, and the enthusiasm prevailing in every one of them showed that all the way up the school a keen interest was being taken in the game.

In the final of the Gold Medal Tournament D. Villers beat P. Cresswell 7-5, 6-2.

At the end of last term tennis colours were presented to the following :—B. Baylis (2nd time), D. Villers, S. Careless, P. Cresswell, B. Jobson and B. North.

Results :

A.G.S. beat Bromsgrove C.H.S. by 5 matches to 4.
" " Evesham P.H.G.S. by 7 matches to 2.
" " Redditch C.H.S. by 6 matches to 3.

B. B.

For the Juniors.

MY PONY.

When I had her first she was the naughtiest pony you could ever have. One day when I was riding her in the lanes she nearly threw me off. I have had her about a year and she is as good as gold now. Her name is Dapple and she is grey and white. She likes to roll in the mud when I have finished with her.

J. SECCOMBE (Remove).

Football.

Captain—Collins i.

Once again the football team has been unable, partly owing to the size of the members, to compete with the teams from the surrounding schools. The defeats have in many cases been heavy, but the enthusiasm of the team has in no way abated, and the team hope to gain at least one victory before the end of term.

The defence has played steadily in every game, but in most cases been overpowered by the opposition.

THE FROST.

The Frost creeps slyly along over each pane of glass,
And all is cold.
When we wake in the early morning
We see pretty pictures in silver patterns
On all the panes.
How pretty they look!

SUZANNE VEREKER (Remove).

MY SAILING SHIP.

I've built a model sailing ship,
With sails and masts so tall,
And I will sail her on the sea,
All smooth and calm and all.

TONY HIGGS (Form II).

IN BED.

The lights are on,
And we're in bed,
But we're not asleep,
We're reading instead

Of witches and wizards,
With spells and charms.
To fairy princesses
They try to do harms.

P. FROST (Form II)